

Facts, Fiction, Fancies and Latest Fashions of Interest to the Women of Washington

FRANZ MARIE TEXAS LIKES STAGE LIFE BUT CRAVES A HOME

Franc Marie Texas, character woman of James E. Cooper's "Victory Belle," the coming attraction at the Gaiety, says she loves show life and yet it brings her a great sorrow inasmuch as it deprives her of home life.

"You hear a great deal," said Miss Texas, "about the gay life of theatrical people, but do you know that the average stage person never really gets away from a horrible sense of loneliness and is always a prey to the most pitiful longing for home. It has truthfully been said that the profession has no home. We come and go. We no more than get settled down in one place and get our trunks unpacked than we have to pack up again. I have never had time to fix up my room even so that it will have a cozy look about it. There is always something that shows we are only there for the time."

Noted Fiction Character Gone in Passing of Old Time South Seas Trader

One by one are passing the characters who have been the cause of the most picturesque literature that has ever been written. Dry, consular reports of trading conditions in the South Seas sound the death knell of another who has gone to join the company of the West. The minor of forty-nine and other characters made immortal by inclusion in the pages of writing that will never die—the trader of the South Seas, Robert Louis Stevenson first discovered him, and others up through Jack London made him live through pages of thrilling adventure.

In his passing, however, has been so recent that he survived to live in the movies. In "The Blackbird," a character in D. W. Griffith's latest production for the screen, "The Idol Dancer," which will be the attraction at Moore's Rialto Theater all next week, many lovers of Stevenson, London and other writers of stirring adventure will recognize an old friend.

What's in a Name? By Mildred Marshall.

BERNICE.

Bernice is an auspicious name. It means "bringing victory" and is one of the many names derived from the Greek "nike" signifying victory. Nike was the goddess of victory and named the images which adorned the prow of the warships of Greece. The famous Winged Victory is the largest of the Nike. Feminine names ending in "nike" were very popular with the Greeks. Bernice was used in early times in Macedonia, and was sometimes used by the Romans. The princess of the two Greek kingdoms of Syria and Egypt favored Bernice and there are innumerable instances of its use by them in early Greek history.

It was from these royal patrons that Bernice came to be adopted by the family of Herod. The name occurs frequently in the history of Christianity and it was borne by the Bernice who heard the defense of St. Paul.

France liked the name, though it seems to lack all trace of French influence. The peasants of Normandy created Bernice and bestowed it upon their daughters. The French Veronique and the English Veronica are said to be corrupt forms of the name, but much doubt is cast upon such a contention.

The moonstone is the gem of Bernice. It is said to protect her from all danger and to bring her true love. It is believed that one can note the waxing and waning of the moon in its depths and that lovers can read the future therein. Monday is her lucky day and 2 her lucky number. (Copyright 1920.)

MOVIE ACTRESSES AND THEIR HAIR

Did it ever occur to you that every movie actress you have seen has lovely hair, while the most popular count their curls as their chief beauty? In fact, many are leading ladies just because of their attractive locks. Inquire of them and they disclose the fact that they bring out all the natural beauty of their hair by careful shampooing, not with soap or makeshift, but with a simple mixture by putting a teaspoonful of canthar (which they get from the druggist) in a cup of hot water and applying this instead of soap. This full cup of shampoo liquid is enough so it is easy to apply it to all the hair instead of just the top of the head. After use, the hair dries rapidly with uniform color. The canthar, excess oil and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. The hair is so fluffy that it looks much heavier than it is, its luster and softness are delightful. Adv.



Skin troubles need immediate and proper attention

Don't wait thinking they will disappear in time. Perhaps they will, but in the meantime you are suffering from the burning and itching, and allowing your nerves to become badly affected, when a little Resinol Ointment would doubtless relieve it all.

Unless the skin affection is caused by some internal disorder, Resinol Ointment usually clears it away because it contains harmless, and soothing antiseptics for such conditions. It can be used easily for it is so nearly flesh-colored it does not attract attention. At all druggists.

Resinol

Hits Selected from Current Scores At Local Theaters

The Herald presents herewith the song hits embodied in the scores for this week at the three leading play theaters. Hear the scores and pick your favorites.

Loew's Palace Theater.
Thomas J. Gannon, Director.
"I'll Remember You," from "Nothing But Love."
"Anything, Dear," from "The House That Jack Built."
"Indian Summer" (Herbert).
Crandall's Metropolitan Theater.
Amadeo Visol, Director.
"My Little Japanese," from "Greenwich Village Follies."
"Love Is Wonderful," from "Happy Days."
"You're a Million Miles From Nowhere."

A New Abe Potash Stands Revealed in Production at Poli's

Nothing could attest more eloquently to the vitality of "Abe" Potash and the popularity of Barney Bernard, than the conspicuous success of "His Honor, Abe Potash," the fourth and latest of the Potash series, coming to Poli's next Sunday. As was the case with "Business Before Pleasure," the previous Potash vehicle, "His Honor, Abe Potash" is the joint work of Montague Glass, creator of the original stories, and Jules Eckert Goodman.

In "His Honor, Abe Potash," "Abe" is presented in an environment altogether different from the milieu of his former play that the question is frequently raised as to whether this is a Potash comedy or not.

The quarrelsome "Mawruss" Perimutter is no longer present to chafe and argue with his partner, nor is "Abe's" wit and wisdom expended on the milking of "His Honor, Abe Potash." He is now mayor of a small town. His home is Damascus, New York. Instead of the metropolis, his old friends have disappeared and we find him with a grown son who was not made manifest in the previous stage versions.

Beatrice Maude, at 21, Achieves Her Ambition To Play with Hampden

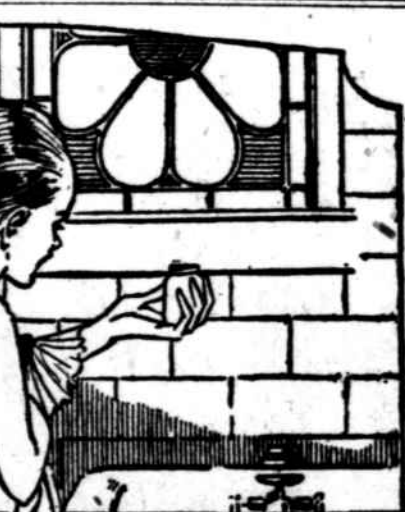
Two years ago absolutely unheard of, today leading woman for our greatest poetic actor, Walter Hampden.

That is the astonishing record of Beatrice Maude, the young actress whom Mr. Hampden will present here as the Ophelia to his Hamlet and the Juliet to his Romeo. Miss Maude is as yet under 21, so cannot vote. But she avers that as she has had the good fortune to achieve one of her great ambitions, to be Mr. Hampden's leading woman, she is sure it will be only a matter of time before she can vote for President.

Mr. Hampden is responsible for giving Miss Maude her great opportunity, but he is not her actual "discoverer." This credit belongs to Stuart Walker, whose production of such successes as "Seventeen" and the Lord Dunsany plays have brought him so much deserved prominence.

Amateur Farming Formed the Basis For Sennett's Classic

The idea that led to the production of Mack Sennett's five-reel masterpiece, "Down on the Farm," which begins a week's run at Loew's Palace, was born of a real life of life on the Mack Sennett farm which occupies a part of his large acreage of studio and "lot" in Los Angeles. Some of his stars, notably Louise Fazenda, Marie Prevost, Charlie Murray, Jimmy Finlayson and Ben Turpin, were trying their hands on the difficult job of reducing the high cost of living. They were to grow fresh vegetables, that would have the goodness to look like their pictures on the outside of seed packages. All except Louise Fazenda retired from their agricultural pursuits firm in the conviction that farming wasn't as easy as it looked.



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Lace and Batiste In Summer Frock



By CORA MOORE.
New York's Fashion Authority.

At informal afternoon affairs this summer, and even at some formal gatherings, Georgette and tulle frocks are likely to be supplanted by such materials as batiste and French voile.

Here sketched is a frock of simple lines, with round neck, three-quarter length bell sleeves, and an irregular tunic. It is made of emerald-brodered batiste, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The foundation skirt is finished with five rows of ruffled lace.

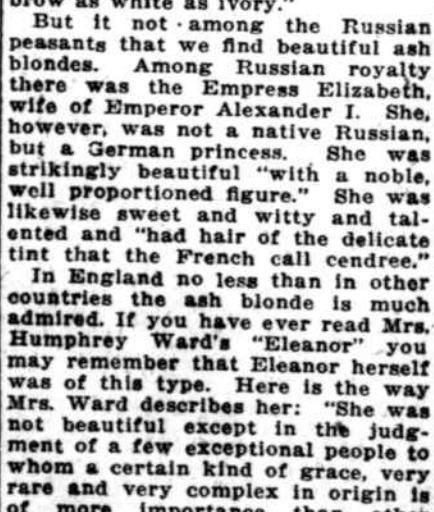
IS THIS YOUR TYPE? By MARIE LARQUE. (Copyright, 1920, McClure Syndicate.)

There are all sorts of blondes—but the most charming sort of all, say some authorities, is the blonde cendree, or ash blonde. And there is just this much about the ash blonde: You may be sure that she is authentic. There can be no artifice about her. For there is no chemical means of tinting or bleaching hair to that rare and altogether delightful tone known to the French as blonde cendree. It is not a brilliant or a gold color. It is pale and ashy. Doubtless it takes more discriminating taste to appreciate it.

This type of person is said to be indolent and dreamy. He is like-wise said to possess much tendency to "discover." This credit belongs to Stuart Walker, whose production of such successes as "Seventeen" and the Lord Dunsany plays have brought him so much deserved prominence.

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Helene's Married Life

By MAY CHRISTIE
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LXX.—THE DARK FIGURE IN THE HAIN.

I drew back, shuddering. I pointed breathlessly toward the window. "Look! Oh, look!" I cried.

The others wheeled about. "What is it? What's the matter?" cried Travis Lloyd. For—with miraculous speed—the dreadful, distorted face had disappeared. The lower part of the window remained a blank.

"A woman—a wild woman—at the window," I gasped, choking over the words. "She glared at me—she'll kill me! A wave of hysteria threatened to seize me. I trembled violently.

There, there, dearie, you're imagining things! The gamekeeper's wife patted my hand soothingly. "You're overwrought!"

But Travis Lloyd had gone deathly pale. He suddenly looked old.

He took a quick step toward the window, and then he turned back. Then he touched the gun, moved on the arm, and the two men moved toward the door.

"I wouldn't come, if I were you, sir, begging your pardon," I heard the former say in low tones. "It may be as much as your life is worth. Besides—he hung a glance at me—the young lady ought not to be left with only the missus in charge. It isn't safe."

Such words were scarcely reassuring. I held out an imploring hand to Travis Lloyd.

"Don't leave me," I cried, foolishly weakly.

He flung a quick glance toward the window, over which the blind was now fully drawn.

"Miss Helene, you need not be alarmed. But—there's a single rat near the fire. Won't you take this chair over here?" He indicated a seat across the room, and completely out of range of the window. A double thought flashed through my mind. I thought communicated itself to me. He was afraid that a second shot might be fired—at me!

I didn't argue the point. I rose—with some alacrity—and changed my mind. I went to the door and looked toward the door. At any moment I expected to hear a wild knocking.

The gamekeeper lifted a heavy coat from off a peg, took down a loaded stick, and came hanging close to it, and prepared to go forth and inspect the premises round which some spirit of malevolence was lurking, with intent to harm.

"I'll call out if I need you,"

And he departed, shutting the door tight behind him.

Here, expecting to see an anxious look upon her face.

But I saw nothing of the sort. Evidently she was accustomed to these things. The clock ticked away upon the mantelpiece. Its ticking seemed abnormally loud. At any moment I expected to hear a shot.

The face of Mr. Travis Lloyd had settled into a strange, unnatural calmness, like a mask. Underneath that mask I wondered vaguely what was going on.

That dreadful woman's face, pressed close against the window! The fact that I must move my chair to be "out of range!" The apparition glared eyes—the evident perturbation of Travis Lloyd—the warning of the gamekeeper, who apparently knew something of the situation—all these things were food for thought!

Oh, why had I set out that night to urge Alice Anstruther to come home? The whole thing had been a wild-goose chase, and had almost ended in tragedy. Alice was sitting with Tony, eating little bits of her husband's happiness—while I had been almost murdered by some enemy of Travis Lloyd's.

None of these people mattered in my life—except the one man I couldn't openly acknowledge—and that was Jim, my husband!

But Jim loved me. I had at least that comfort.

If I could only go to him and tell him the mysterious happenings in the neighborhood.

And then a recollection of the beginning of Jim's illness came to me. He, too, had been attacked by some pestilence.

In fact, a certain amount of indigestible food is necessary for health. Digestibility in a general way means capable of being absorbed into the blood. Food well masticated, acted upon by the digestive juices and reduced to liquid, still contains certain elements that must be passed on to the large intestine as waste. If the food eaten contains too little "waste," it is likely to produce constipation by reducing the bulk of intestinal material. The chief element which produces the movement in the bowels is cellulose. This is present in all vegetables and resembles an "egg crate." It is the thin cell-like walls which hold together the digestible element in food. That is why in constipation increased amounts of vegetables and fruit are ordered in the diet.

Animal foods, meat, eggs, milk, etc., contain very little indigestible material, hence they are likely to cause constipation.

Fashionable Nancy

By MAY CHRISTIE
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unknown hand! Mr. Lloyd and I had found him lying by the roadside, battered and unconscious. His assistant had not been discovered. But perhaps tonight's occurrences would throw light on the mystery?

By day the countryside looked very beautiful. So fresh and green and bright. "But it was hard to realize tonight's sinister affair."

Then Mr. Travis Lloyd began to talk. I can't remember what he said. It seemed to have no sequence. He was trying to keep up my spirits, that was all.

I thought once or twice the gamekeeper's wife looked strangely at him. She was very kind to me. She insisted on my drinking several cups of strong tea. It warmed me up.

And, after a time, to our relief, the gamekeeper returned. He put down his heavy stick in a corner of the room.

"Could find no trace of anyone," he said laconically, though there are footprints underneath the window. So the young lady was quite right—she did see something. He glanced at me.

"What—what kind of footstep—a woman's?" he faltered.

The man looked at Travis Lloyd. And then he said:

"It's hard to tell. We can examine them better in the morning."

As it was still raining heavily this seemed unlikely. But I made no comment.

The gamekeeper led the way out to the car. He got in beside us both.

"I'll see you home, sir, if you've no objection," he remarked.

As we sped along the wet roads I kept a sharp lookout. My nerves were still on edge. Something—a sinister something, with evil intentions—might be lurking in the shadows.

Rounding a corner sharply, with the headlights on, my heart gave a sudden frightened leap. For a dark figure stood there by the roadside, immediately ahead of us, and waiting.

Tomorrow—Alice's Conclusion.

CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS
UNCLE WIGGILY AND
PROUD ALICE.

One day Alice Wiggilywobble, the duck girl, was going to the hollow stump school, when she met Tessie Bow Wow, the little puppy sister of Jackie and Peetle Bow Wow, the doggie boys.

"Oh, hello, Tessie!" quacked Alice. "Hello, Alice!" barked the puppy girl.

Then the two friends walked along together, and Alice, looking at the fuzzy hair around Tessie's ears, said:

"Oh, what lovely curls you have. Do you like them?" asked Tessie, sort of unconscious like. "They're a terrible bother when you're in a hurry to go to school."

"Oh, I wouldn't think so," spoke Alice as they both skipped along. "I wish I had curly feathers," quacked the duck girl.

"Why, you have some lovely curly feathers in your tail," barked Tessie.

"But you haven't any ears, Alice, my dear—at least none to show," said the puppy girl with a laugh.

"I know that," agreed the duck girl. "But, all the same, I wish I had some curls. Being a duck, with straight feathers, isn't any fun at all."

And when school was out, instead of waddling along to play with the other animal boys and girls, Alice rolled off by herself, over the hedges and through the woods.

"Perhaps I may find some dandelion curls, or maybe some carpenter shavings that I could fasten on my ears ought to be," thought Alice.

On and on went the duck girl and then, all of a sudden, she found an old bed mattress that Mother Goose had tossed out of Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The mattress was stuffed with curled hair, and as soon as Alice saw it she quacked:

"Oh, that will be the very thing for my curls! I'll fasten some of the crinkly hair around my neck, and all the girls will think I have real curls!"

After Alice had fastened her artificial curls she thought she would like to see how they looked on her. "I'll go to the duck pond ocean, and take a swim," thought Alice. "The water would be like a looking-glass and I can see how my curls dangle."

In a little while Alice reached the duck pond ocean, which was near her own house, where Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane were staying on a visit. Alice plopped into the water and began swimming about. At first none of the other geese or ducks noticed her, but finally Grandfather Goosey Gander said:

"What's the matter with your neck, Alice? Have you a boil on it?"

"A boil? Indeed not!" quacked Alice. "Those are my new curls."

"Oh, excuse me," said Grandpa

Remodeling a Wife

By Mildred K. Barlow
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LXIII.—The Awakening.

Doris dropped in at Twin Oaks one afternoon to thank Margaret for some concert tickets, but Mrs. Durand was not at home, Jane informed her. Miss Marcia was in the garden, if Mrs. Carrington wished to see her.

As she walked between the carefully tended rose bushes that skirted the gravelled walk, she bent to inhale the fragrance of an exquisite Marechal Niel, and the act recalled the autumn day when she had sat in the summer house and overheard Margaret and Mrs. Stevenson discussing her. She remembered Alice—the Stevenson's patronizing drawl and the graceful way she had plucked the yellow rose and drawn it across her lips; she recalled the bitter lesson she had learned that afternoon and she smiled a little, thinking how much she had cared in those days what Stewart and his family thought of her.

A muffled sob from the summer house caught her ears. She hesitated and half turned to retreat, but her steps, but the memory of her own bitter hour without comfort in that very lattice retreat drew her on.

Alice lay full length on the bench just inside the door and her shoulders shook with her weeping. Doris laid her hand on the girl's shaking shoulders.

"Marcia, dear, tell Doris your trouble."

"May I cry on you?" she whispered, brokenly. "I started to weep on mother this morning, and she told me her story. I started to cry, and she added with a shaky little laugh. Doris patted her consolingly.

"Cry all you want, dear," she said, "and when you're quite ready, tell me all about it."

"It's Jim," whispered Marcia despairingly. "He doesn't love me. He won't work, though dad and his own father have both got him splendid positions. Why, do you know, he hasn't bought me a thing since we're married and we're both dependent on Dad?"

"What is his excuse?"

"He says he can't amount to anything without finishing college and he wants to go back, but before we were married he always said that college ruined a man and the best successes were made by men who started to work right out of high school."

"Do you love him, Marcia?" asked Doris softly.

The girl nodded despairingly. "I adore him, but he hurts me sometimes—terribly. I found out the other day that he was still writing to a girl he was engaged to sum up before last. She doesn't know he is married."

Doris searched out for some sort

APRIL											
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	1	2	3	4	5
							6	7	8	9	10
							11	12	13	14	15
							16	17	18	19	20
							21	22	23	24	25
							26	27	28	29	30

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This is all that Swift & Company's profit cost the average American family in 1919.

Here are the figures and authorities for them.

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The average American family is 4½ persons (U. S. Census).

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1 package of gum per week for the children.

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Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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